THE

CHRISTIAN PATRIOT:

SOME

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

COL. HUGH MAXWELL,

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

COLLECTED AND PRESERVED BY A DAUGHTER.

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PREFACE.

The page of history is resplendent with the names of men who held high rank, or occupied conspicuous stations, in the war of the American Revolution. The grateful remembrance of the nation, and the applause of the world, are the merited reward of their courage and patriotism. But it should be remembered that a general without an army is only a cypher, and that the chosen few distinguished commanders, whose history has been so often written, are indebted both for fame and honor, to the fidelity and self-denying perseverance of an undistinguished host of subordinate officers and private soldiers, whose equal worth no pen has recorded, and of whose very names the tombstone is the only memorial.

And yet it cannot be denied, that both the hardships of the war, the privations endured by their families, and the *uncompensated* losses of

property and health, fell *chiefly* upon those who suffered in silence, and whose services are forgotten. So far, also, as it is desirable to give influence to the example of a patriotic spirit, for the benefit of the rising generation, it is certain that the examples of those in the less distinguished stations are vastly more applicable to the common people, and of course more likely to awaken and perpetuate congenial sentiments of public spirit and devotion to the cause of liberty and equal laws.

With these views, the following recollections of a revered parent have been compiled by a surviving daughter, and are now dedicated "TO THE GRAND CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION."

RECOLLECTIONS, &c.

HUGH MAXWELL was born, April 27, O. S. 1733, in the town of Minterburn, county Tyrone, Ireland. His father of the same name, being a Calvinist, and disliking the established church of Ireland, determined upon removing to America. Accordingly, he took his wife and three children, the subject of this sketch being only six weeks old, and with two brothers and two sisters, prepared to embark. At the place of embarkation, they spent a day in fasting and prayer, and had a sermon preached from Ezra viii. 21. After a tedious passage, they arrived in New-England; the two brothers went to the south, the sisters to New-Hampshire, and Hugh settled on a hired farm in Bedford, Mass. Sev-

eral towns in New-Hampshire and Massachusetts, received about that time a large accession of inhabitants from among the strict Presbyterians of the north of Ireland, whose posterity have proved a substantial blessing. In 1759, my grand-father, was found dead in the road, supposed to have been killed by falling from his horse. He had four children after he came to this country. Most of his children lived to a great age. William, the eldest, died at 95, Margaret 99, Hugh 67, Sarah upwards of 90, Benjamin 92, James 83, Thompson 93.

The family had no advantages of a school when young. The mother, with no books except her Bible and some other religious books, taught all her seven children so much of the elements of knowledge, as prepared them for usefulness and respectability, and several of them for occupying public stations of trust.—My father alone went to school a short time, to learn surveying, an art which he practised with

success in after life. He was an ardent lover of his country, and early imbibed a military spirit. In one of his journals he says, "My parents early taught me the principles of liberty and religion, which have supported me through many difficulties and hardships." His first public service was in the French war, that broke out in 1755, when he voluntarily entered the ranks as a soldier, and served five fatiguing and dangerous campaigns. It may be proper to give a brief sketch of that war :

In the first settlement of North America by Europeans, the English obtained possession of all the frontier coast on the Atlantic, while the French had only the shores of the Gulphs of St. Lawrence, and Mexico. The French therefore endeavored to repair this disadvantage by extending their influence up the rivers St. Lawrence and Mississippi, and to connect the two by a chain of forts and settlements up the lakes and across to the head of the Ohio. The

English,however, claimed clear across the continent, and therefore viewed the French posts at Oswego, Ticonderoga, Niagara, Presq' Isle and Du Quesne, now Pittsburgh, as encroachments on the English colonies. For many years, it had been the policy of the French governors of Canada, to secure as much influence as possible over the Indians, so that in times of war, the savages might be employed against the English. No means were neglected of securing their friendship, and as wars were very frequent between the two mother countries, they were frequently gratified with opportunities for shedding blood. For almost a hundred years, the French and Indians used to act together in attacking and destroying the defenceless villages of the English colonists.

Among other means of keeping a control over the Indians, the French officers made great use of the popish priests. These men could work upon the superstition and ignorance of

the natives, without requiring them to sacrifice their savage principles and practices, and in that way preserve an uncontrolled sway among them. The governors aided and protected the Jesuits in their labors, and the Jesuits in return used all their influence to keep the Indians in favor of the French. In regard to the Eastern Indians we have the following statement of Gov. Shute, of Massachusetts, in a letter to Rasles, the Jesuit priest in Maine, dated Feb. 21, 1719:

"We have found by more than three-score years' experience, that we had always lived in peace with our neighboring Indians, had it not been for the instigation, protection, supply, and even personal assistance of the French; so that in case any u. just war or breach should happen, (which God forbid,) we shall look upon the French, and principally the popish missionaries among them, as the main cause thereof."

Equally explicit is the testimony of Gov.

Colden, of New-York, respecting the enmity of the "Five Nations," as given in chap. 3, of his history of that people.

"The French sent some of their wisest priests and Jesuits to reside among them; and the governors of New-York were ordered by the Duke of York to give these priests all the encouragement in their power. The chief view of these priests was to give the Indians the highest opinion of the French power and wisdom, and to render the English as suspected, and as mean as possible in their eyes. They waited likewise for every opportunity to breed a quarrel between the English and the Indians; and to withdraw the Five Nations from fighting with those nations that traded to Canada."

A specimen of the Christianity taught to the savages by these Jesuits, is given by the same author, vol. 1, p. 207.

"About the time of the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick, the noted Therouet (an In-

dian Sachem) died at Montreal. The French gave him Christian burial in a pompous manner, the priest that attended him at his death having declared that he died a true Christian. "For," said the priest, "while I explained to him the passion of our Savior whom the Jews crucified, he cried out, "Oh! had I been there I would have revenged his death and brought away their scalps."

The war we are now speaking of, between France and England, commenced in 1755.—The military operations of the English, in America, were the complete conquest of Nova Scotia, Gen. Braddock's unfortunate expedition against Fort Du Quesne, Gov. Shirley's attempt to reach Niagara, and Gen. Johnson's against Crown Point, with the militia of New-England. I suppose my father was in this last army, and was in the action on the banks of Lake George, where Baron Dieskau was beaten and slain.

At the place of this action, near the south end of the lake, a fort was immediately built, called Fort William Henry. The next year the English colonies agreed to raise 10,000 men for an expedition against Crown Point, 6,000 to go against Niagara, and 3,000 against Fort Du Quesne, and that 2,000 more should be sent up the Kennebec and down the Chaudiere rivers to the neighborhood of Quebec.—But all the plans proved abortive. In August, 1756, the British forces being chiefly drawn to the east for an attempt to take Louisburg, the Marquis de Montcalm, the French Commander-in-chief, came to Lake George with an army of 9,000 men, and laid seige to Fort William Henry, where my father was then stationed. The garrison consisted of between two and three thousand regulars, and its fortifications were in good order, and for farther security of so important a post, General Webb was stationed at Fort Edward with an army of 4,000

men. The French commander, however, pushed his approaches with such vigor, that in six days after the investment of the fort, Col. Monroe, the commandant, surrendered by capitulation. The garrison was to be allowed the honors of war, and to be protected against the Indians till they reached Fort Edward. No sooner, however, were the articles signed, and possession gained, than the promised guard was withholden from the prisoners, and they had hardly begun their march, before the enraged savages fell upon their defenceless ranks without restraint and without mercy. The Indians had been led along by the promise of plunder, and they were therefore enraged at the terms granted to the garrison, and as they marched out of the fort unarmed, fell upon them, stripped and abused them, and murdered all who made any resistance. Out of 200 men in the New-Hampshire regiment, 80 were killed or carried off by the Indians. Some historians

have supposed that not less than 1500 in all were murdered, before the Marquis de Montcalm could restrain his savage allies.

My father was among the prisoners, and the Indians caught him, and stripped him of every article except his pantaloons, when he slipped from their hands, seized a gun, and ran for life towards Fort Edward, not daring to stop or look behind him. At length, on reaching what was called Half-way Brook, he stopped to slake his thirst; but on looking back, he saw two Indians holding a white man whom they were just ready to tomahawk. His first thought was to fire on them. But before he could raise his gun they had despatched the man, and he therefore again ran for the fort, where he arrived in safety.

In the early part of his military service, on an occasion when called into action, as he was facing the enemy, he began to think himself unprepared to meet death on the field of battle, or to meet his God in judgment, having no in-

terest in the blessed Savior. He promised that if his life was spared that time, he would make religion his choice, and Christ his friend and Savior. Not long after this, he thought he had found the "pearl of great price," which he would not exchange for the whole world. At the age of 22 he joined the Congregational church in Bedford, Rev. Mr. Sherman, pastor, and during the whole of his subsequent life, gave evidence that his profession was sincere. From this time he held his life as not his own, but as a trust for God and his country, for whom he always stood ready to lay it down, whenever his Master should call. Thus he derived the courage of a soldier from the faith of a Christian; and as his faith never failed, his courage never flinched, when his country's defence called him to the field.

I shall not continue the history of the war, in which my father bore his share of dangers and hardships. In the autumn of 1757, Mr.

Pitt was placed at the head of affairs in England, and infused new confidence into all hearts, and new vigor into all operations. During the campaign of 1758, Fort du Quesne and Oswego were taken, and also Louisburgh, and the Island of Cape Breton, the key of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The year 1759 was distinguished by the capture of Quebec, which was accomplished under the heroic General Wolfe, and which led to the entire destruction of the French power in North America. It was not, however, till Sept. 8, 1760, that the whole province of Canada was surrendered to his Britanic majesty. The English colonies were thenceforward relieved from the continual incursions of relentless savages on their frontiers; and their settlements immediately begun to extend to the North and West, with a vigor and enterprize which has been increasing to this day.

My father had entered the army as a private

soldier. He was a poor man's son, and himself young, destitute of property, and without any of the advantages of education, excepting a few weeks at school to learn the surveyor's art. But in the year 1759, Governor Pownall, of Massachusetts, thought proper to appoint him an officer in Brigadier Ruggles' regiment.— His commission as Ensign was dated March 31, 1759, which was his rank at the close of the war.

He was always fond of writing, and could express himself with great plainness and perspicuity. It is now a matter of regret to his children that so many of his letters, journals, &c. have been scattered and lost. We have, however, a little paper book, in which he wrote down some of his reflections, and the principles by which he wished to regulate his conduct, as an officer. Some extracts may be considered interesting, as showing the just principles of a Christian soldier and a republican officer.

"I acknowledge it my duty, in all my ways, to acknowledge God; and although I cannot lay any claim to direction of my path, yet I have reason through Christ to hope, that if I shall fully and with all my heart determine on that which is virtuous and praiseworthy, that which I really and clearly think and design for the glory of God, and with all my heart beg his blessing on it, I, shall either obtain it or something else which will more than compensate for the denial of my wish. O God, grant me wisdom to aim at thy glory in all my undertakings, and to improve all my talents therefor; and thou shalt have the praise through Christ. Amen.

"God setteth up one and putteth down another. He exalteth the humble and abaseth the lofty, just as seemeth good in his sight.

"Seeing, by the favor of God, I am exalted to the command of some of my fellow-men, let

me be careful in observing the duties I owe to God and to them. Let me see to it that I do not exercise too much rigor towards them.—Let me not show a haughty, overbearing temper, but let me consider what I ought to expect from an officer, were I in their condition, and then conduct towards them accordingly.

"Crown Point, Oct. 9, 1762.

"This day I was on duty at the wheelbarrows. It was very dirty, miry wheeling. I observed that the men wrought hard at the wheel-barrows while I walked about at my ease. I observed that many of them were men of sober, grave aspect—men whose counsel and advice, at home, would have been taken much before mine—men whose birth was far superior to mine. I reflected on my birth, which was very humble, my parents poor, and myself unworthy of these favors which God has conferred on me. I reflected on the ease of my

lot, having nothing to do but to walk up and down where I had a mind to, with my cheerful companions; while these poor soldiers were tugging at the wheel-barrow through mire and dirt. And when they were dismissed, I observed how they flocked home to their cold, wet, uncomfortable tents, that seemed unfit for swine, while I walked to my dry, warm hut. They were forced greedily to catch at any thing to eat, some raw, some half dressed, some dirty, while my servants had made my provision comfortable. I considered all this, and more, while I was employed in overseeing those who were my superiors for age, wisdom, and estate. Thought I, Shall I be lifted up with pride in this my happy state, because my lot is so much better than many of my fellow-men? Nay, let me be humbled to the earth for my sins, that make me so unworthy of such favors. Let me be thankful for my lot, and

pray for my soldiers, that they may obey their officers, and be content with their wages.

"The love of the soldiers is the happiness of an officer. *Pay where due, and punish when necessary, but never strike.* I must be free with my men, but not suffer them to be too free with me. An haughty, overbearing spirit, may inspire them with fear, but never with affection.

"If an officer need not have all the wisdom of a privy counsellor, he ought at least to have that part which enjoins secresy.

"Slander and scandal sometimes visit the camp, and too frequently attack the deserving. Let me turn a deaf ear to evil report, and not be speedily prejudiced against any man, much less my commander.

"Company and cheerfulness is absolutely necessary; but to drink to excess is inexcusa-

ble. The lives of thousands depend on the sobriety of officers. How can a drunkard guide men truly, when his own legs mutiny, and refuse his commands.

"I must be charitable and generous, according to my ability, but very seldom give money to soldiers.

"With regard to my present enemies, I must not hold them too cheap. I must let humanity extend to them as far as safety and prudence will permit. If absolute and fatal necessity compels me to strike, I must let it fall from no other motive but the general good; and let it be effectual, but instant. In that unhappy case I must drive every womanish weakness from my heart, and consider that too much tenderness may be cruelty to my country. Should I conquer, I must be all mildness and charity. I must comfort the prisoner, assist the wretched

wounded, speak peace to despairing souls, and if possible, show them the joys of liberty.

"A righteous and godly life is the best preparative for death. Though all ought, yet none should be more ready to obey that call, than a soldier. His life is every instant in a peculiar manner at stake. Let me think on this frequently, and my duty to God and man will certainly follow, and both will bless me with peace, content and happiness everlasting, which is all my desire. HUGH MAXWELL."

I have not the means of tracing my father's services through the several campaigns of the French War. On returning home at the close of the campaign of 1759, he married Miss Bridget Monroe, of Lexington. They had seven children, all of whom, excepting the eldest, are still living.

After the army was disbanded, he returned to his plough and his surveyor's instruments. It was always his practice to acknowledge the

hand of God in all events, prosperous as well as adverse. In the year 1770, he gratefully records a peculiarly striking display of God's power and goodness. His house was struck by lightning, and one end of it shattered to pieces. Eight persons were in the room where the greatest explosion was, who were much exposed from splinters of the shattered ceiling, as well as from the element; yet no one was hurt excepting one child. She was, for a time, thought to be dead, but soon recovered, although her arm and side were badly scorched.

In 1773 he removed his family to Charlemont, Hampshire Co. Mass. 131 miles from Bedford. By the division both of the town and county, it is now Heath, Franklin Co.— Here he had purchased a small farm; a few acres were cleared, and there was a small house of one room and a closet. In this house, with the addition of one small room, his family found a shelter till after the close of the

Revolutionary war. It was poorly built, open and uncomfortable; often, in the winter's morning, would they find themselves covered some inches deep with snow, that had drifted through the chinks in the roof. The country around was all newly settled. But very few inhabitants had settled west of Deerfield before the final termination of the French war; and those were much annoyed by the French and Indians. Of the little handfull along Deerfield river, several were killed or carried captive to Canada. But when the capture of Canada had destroyed the power of the French and the influence of the Jesuits, the land had rest, and the tide of population soon spread over its hills and along its valleys. The people were chiefly descendents of the pilgrims, or Presbyterians from the North of Ireland, and almost every where carried with them their attachment to the institutions of the gospel. Before the Revolution commenced, there were already

a number of churches formed and ministers settled, in the mountainous region between the Connecticut River and the New-York line.

My father was a true lover of his country, and took a deep interest in all that concerned her welfare. He watched with a jealous eye, all the doings of the English Parliament, designed to humble and subjugate the colonies. He used to take a Boston newspaper, the only one taken in all the region round about. He also procured all the pamphlets, publications, addresses, &c. which came out. These he would read to his neighbors, accompanied with explanations and remarks, calculated to make them understand the true nature of the controversy between the colonies and the mother country, and to fire their minds with patriotic zeal against oppression. Often, especially after the arrival of papers, would his house be filled from morning till night with men who came to read the news and to talk

politics. Thus was he able to instil into the mind of almost every man around, a portion of the same ardor that fired his own. The two succeeding winters after he removed, he kept a small school; and there too he was careful to instil into the minds of the young men the love of liberty, and a determination to resist oppression, and to preserve the rights which God had given them. The consequence was, that in 1775, it appeared that EVERY MAN in that and the neighboring towns, was in favor of liberty. A brief view of the point in controversy may be proper here.

The colonies in America had been settled by English subjects, who had always lived under a government where the laws were made, and the taxes regulated, by the representatives of the people. By an arrangement with the government, it was stipulated that they should still remain a part of the British nation, but should have separate legislatures, composed of

representatives chosen among themselves, to make their laws and lay their taxes. The colonies were therefore organized governments, and the people were bound to obey their own laws and to support their own government.—After the French war, however, the government of England being in the hands of selfish men, who did not understand the true principles of liberty, an attempt was made by parliament to interfere with the laws of the colonies, and to lay taxes on them without their consent.—They passed a Stamp act, laid duties on tea, begun to take measures for introducing an established church, contrary to the will of the people, and did it distinctly claiming that "the Parliament had a right to pass laws binding the colonies *in all cases whatsoever*." The question, then, for the people to decide, was whether they should support their own government, or whether they should allow another government to be established over them. They decided

that it was their duty to support their own government. And no doubt they decided right. For if we enjoy the protection of the laws, it is our duty to support the laws. The American revolution, it will be perceived, was very different from an insurrection. It was carried on under the same laws that they had before. When the royal governors refused to unite with the representatives of the people, from the necessity of the case the representatives acted by themselves. In almost every instance, at the outset, the acts of the Provincial Congresses were passed by the very men whom the people had chosen to make their laws. Consequently, the American Revolution can never be pleaded as an example in favor of rebellion against the laws of the country. Some have supposed, for instance, that the Southern slaves have just as good a right to make an insurrection and kill the white people, as Gen. Washington had to kill the British soldiers. But the cases are

very different, as any one can see. Gen. Washington acted under the laws. Insurgent slaves must necessarily act in the face of the laws. Let them rather learn their duty from the Bible, and by their intelligence and good conduct show that they are capable of liberty. In this way oppressive laws will lose their power, and the legislature will soon be ashamed to see them on the statute book. It seems to be a universal law of natural rights that the majority should govern. And good conduct, virtuous principles, intelligence, patience, and a determined spirit, cannot fail to conquer in the end, much better than by insurrection.

As these aggressions of the government at home were continued and increased, it became evident to intelligent and patriotic men, that they would soon be compelled to submit, or to maintain their rights by force. They therefore begun to make every preparation for the latter. In the spring of 1755, my father was

appointed lieutenant of a company of minute-men, as they were called. These were to stand ready to march at a minute's warning, provision in their knapsacks, cartridges in box, and gun at the door. All were watching, with intense anxiety, the threatening movements of the British army stationed at Boston. On the 18th of April my father's youngest son was born. On the 19th, that day ever to be remembered by American citizens, a party of British soldiers marched from Boston, through Lexington to Concord. On that day, on Lexington common, was spilt the first blood in the war that forever separated the thirteen states of America from Great Britain. The news soon spread through the land—the sword was now drawn by British authority—and the lives of citizens actually destroyed. Every soul was filled with indignation, the minute-men were ordered to march, and so great was the excitement, that almost every man who could carry a gun

marched off, determined to avenge the blood of their fellow-citizens, and maintain their sacred rights and liberties. My father, after commending himself and family to God, and imploring his blessing on them, marched with his company to Cambridge, and joined Col. Prescott's regiment. A view of his situation and that of his family, may give the present generation some correct ideas concerning the spirit of their fathers, and the price of American liberty.

When he joined the army, he left his family in that small house, without barn or shed; they were on a new farm, with only a few neighbors, and all in the same situation, that part of the town being but little cultivated; his wife had the charge of seven children, the eldest daughter ten or eleven years old, and the oldest son about three, the youngest scarce a week old; with no man to assist them or do any thing for them, and no security or provision for the future.—

Their water was twenty rods from the house. Their grain must be procured from a distance of seven or eight miles, and carried five miles to mill, and this must be done by mother or daughters; the country was entering upon a contest of which no one could foresee the issue; he was taking a course, which if unsuccessful might bring him to the scaffold or the halter as a rebel; it was indeed a time of darkness and trouble, within and without; it was not the rumor of war but actual war that had reached them. But he considered the call of his distressed and bleeding country as paramount to every personal or domestic consideration, and he could neither please God nor satisfy his own conscience, if he flinched from the call. And indeed a kind Providence seemed to watch over that helpless family, far beyond their expectations. Helpers were raised up; the neighbors were very kind as far as they could be; with their help they continued to raise every year a

little patch of corn, and another of potatoes; of the last they always had a supply, so that they never came to actual want.

The family who had been left in such trying circumstances, soon realized the effects of war in a different way. Besides their deprivations, hardships and anxieties, news soon came, that their husband and father was dangerously wounded in battle. This was in the first regular battle of the war, on the 17th of June, at Bunker Hill. An army of twenty or thirty thousand free Americans had poured into Cambridge as soon as they could get there from all parts of the state, after the battle of Lexington. These formed a line of encampment from Roxbury to the river Mystic, and thus held the British army completely blocked up in Boston. To prevent the British from penetrating into the country, on the 16th of June, Col. Prescott's regiment, to which my father belonged, consisting of about 1000 men, was ordered to forti-

fy the hill that overlooked the entrance of the peninsula of Charlestown. They took their entrenching tools, and worked with such diligence, under cover of the night, that by daylight, they had thrown up a redoubt of about eight rods square. As soon as it was light, the British opened a fire upon them, from their ships and batteries, but the Americans persevered till they had completed a breastwork to the bottom of the hill, towards the river Mystic. They were soon attacked by the British, under command of General Howe. They suffered their assailants to come up within less than one hundred yards of their breastwork, and then poured such a well aimed fire upon them, with muskets, as broke up their ranks and drove them back. The British rallied again and renewed the attack, but were repulsed as before. By the third attack the powder of the Americans began to fail, the British brought their cannon so as to rake the inside of the

breastwork, the fire from the ships was redoubled, and finally the redoubt was carried at the point of the bayonet. The Americans had to retreat over Charlestown Neck, which was completely raked by the shot from the Glasgow man of war, but their loss was comparatively small. The British had 3000 men engaged in the battle, and 1054 killed or wounded. The Americans engaged were 1500, and their killed wounded and missing were 453.

During the action on the hill, my father was wounded, by a ball passing through his right shoulder. It entered just under the collar bone and came out through the shoulder blade. He was without his coat at the time, it being a very warm day; but though his arm dropped and hung useless by his side, he proceeded through a shower of shot and bullets some distance to the place where he had left his coat; and picking it up, marched off the hill with the retreating army. He was carried to Cambridge, and

placed under the care of Dr. Hart, surgeon of the regiment. For some time his life was despaired of, the weather being very hot and the wound in a critical place. Indeed there seemed but a small chance for his recovery. A gangrene commenced, but through the blessing of God and the good management of doctor Hart, he recovered; although he was never afterwards able to do the work of a farmer.

This was very heavy news to the family. My mother just recovered from sickness, with a sickly babe, a family of small children depending on her, the prospect of widowhood, her husband wounded and dying at a distance from home, she herself unable to leave her children and go to him—these circumstances called forth all her fortitude and patience to support her.

In a few weeks my father was able to get off his bed and sit up a little, and he soon began to write with his left hand to his family, to con-

sole them, by pointing their minds to the same source from which he drew his own comfort, the Word of God. On the 5th of July he wrote as follows:

"I am yet very lame with my shoulder, but by the blessing of God, much better in health than I was a week or two since; my wound and anxiety caused a fever, which run very high several days; it is abated. I have a very good surgeon, who attends me twice a day; he took out one splinter of bone yesterday, two to day. He thinks there are others loose. I am removed a mile from camp, that I may be out of noise. Capt. Farewell is here, shot through the hips; his wife is with him and is a careful good nurse to him and me. The people are very kind. I think sometimes there is more pains taken for me than I deserve." Nine pieces of bone were extracted from the wound, some of them an inch in length.

The memory of Bunker Hill battle will re-

main as long as history shall record the actions of men. The deeds of valor there performed, were unprecedented in modern times. They showed what was to be expected from freemen, contending for their own laws, and resisting foreign tyranny. Bunker Hill was the great landmark of the army, and its influence was always preserved in our camps. Songs were written in memorial of it. My father was an excellent singer, and entered with his whole soul into the spirit of the songs of freedom that were current in the American army. One written shortly after this battle, was called Bunker Hill, and although the versification is not very smooth, the thoughts are full of the fire of genuine poetry, and admirably calculated to inspire intelligent and highly excited minds with a deep enthusiasm which cannot be daunted by death. The following are some of its stanzas, and they will show also, how deeply tinctured the patriotism of that day was with

the spirit of religious trust and confidence in God. It was a favorite hymn of all the pious soldiers, and my father often sung it to his children long after the war was over.

BUNKER HILL.

1 Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction, in the field of battle ;
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death groans !

2 Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors ;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

3 Infinite goodness teaches us submission ;
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings ;
Never repining, but forever praising
God our creator.

4 Good is Jehovah in bestowing sun-shine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder ;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness—
Infinite kindness.

5 Then to the wisdom of our Lord and master,
Let us commit all that we have or wish for ;
Sweetly as babes sleep will we give our life up,
When call'd to yield it.

In September, he was sufficiently recovered to come home to his family, where he spent six or seven weeks. While at home, he made some preparations for winter, engaged a man to provide wood for the family, had a shed built to shelter his little stock, consisting of two cows, a horse, and a few sheep, which made it much more comfortable for his family to take care of them.

The next year he had a barn built about seventy rods east of the house, at a place where he intended at a future day to build a new house. This was in the end a benefit to the farm, but it made a great addition to the hardships of the family. Their hay and cattle were so far off, and must be attended to daily, through the long winter, and no one to do it but his wife and children. The eldest daughter was but fourteen, and the eldest son but six. The winter set in early, and the snow-storms were tedious and frequent, snow deep and drifted

high. Twice a day some one must go to the barn to keep the cattle from perishing. There was no road, and no track but their own, which the drifting snow would instantly fill. Many times they had to go on their hands and knees over the high snow drifts ; their hands rolled in their aprons,and spread out,served to keep them from sinking deep in the snow; they would return home almost exhausted with fatigue, with their clothes frozen and their hands and feet frosted. Then would they say, "Ah, this dreadful war !" Nor was this all their difficulty. Their wood was in large logs, green and covered with snow, and required the strength of a man to carry it into the house. And the fire must be kept a-going night and day, or they must all freeze. Grain, too, must be procured seven or eight miles off, and carried five miles to mill. These hardships continued through two winters. And now the health of the two eldest daughters failed, which they never after-

wards fully recovered. The third year, an invalid soldier was sent to assist them a part of the winter. The next winter another soldier came. He had received a musket ball in his neck, which could not be extracted without danger to his life, and so he carried it in him to his grave. These men rendered essential aid in the care of the family, and mitigated their distress.

Late in the fall, he left home again, to return to his company. It was agains the remonstrance and tears of his wife, who could not bear the thought of being again left in such circumstances of privation and hardship. But he considered the call of his distressed country paramount to every other; and he tore himself away from his helpless family, after commending them to the care of that God who had made it his duty to leave them. O where would have been the liberties of America, if her sons had taken counsel of domestic affection, or selfish

ease? Without any organized general government, denounced as rebels and traitors, without any revenue or any means of raising a revenue, to pay or support an army, except the voluntary contributions of the people—manifestly it required some higher principle than is ordinarily found, to fill the ranks of the American host. That principle was found in a people who understood their rights and duties, and whose religious principles were such that they dared not shrink when duty called. Without a host of such hearts, nerved by the love of country, and steadied by the fear of God, American independence could never have been achieved. And when any one would ask, whether it was the *duty* of the farmers and mechanics of New-England to make the sacrifices they did, and to tear themselves from their homes, and leave their families to suffer such hardships; let him look at the benefits which America has already yielded to the world since her independ-

ence, and to the richer blessings, temporal and spiritual, which she is yet to yield, and then say, which was better, to have lost all these, or that these hardships should have been incurred.

After his return to the army, my father was stationed at Sewall's Point. In one of his letters he says, "We have lately had a heavy cannonade from the enemy; they gave us more than eleven hundred cannon shot one night; over nine hundred balls were picked up the next day, and in all that night's firing, they did not hit but four men, and these went to the top of the hill and made a fire in open sight of the enemy, and were all killed by one shot."

During the time that my father was laboring under his wound, great events had taken place. The second Congress, which met at Philadelphia on the 10th of May, had voted to raise an army of 20,000 men, to defend the colonies against the armies of the King of England, who were sent here to destroy our laws and

destroy the liberty of the people. To command this army they unanimously appointed GEORGE WASHINGTON, of Virginia, to be "General and Commander in Chief of the armies of the United Colonies." General Washington was already celebrated as a brave and skillful officer. In accepting the office, he modestly declared that he did not think himself equal to the command. However, his country thought otherwise, and needed his services; and like a true patriot, he did not feel at liberty to shrink from his duty. As to pay, he declared he would never accept of any, but would keep an exact account of his expenses, and he trusted Congress would pay them all. This was done. At the close of the war, he presented a full account of every dollar that he had spent, all written with his own hand, in the neatest and most careful manner. Lately, this account has been copied, on stone, or what is called *lithography*, in exact imitation of the Ge-

neral's writing, with every mark and figure, and so printed. Copies may be purchased for two dollars, and it is an interesting monument of the character of our great Washington. At the time he accepted the office of General, the English Government still claimed the sovereign power over this country, and seriously threatened that if they should conquer in the war, they would hang all the leaders in Congress and the army, as traitors and rebels, and seize on all their property. So that General Washington joined the army, as it were, with a halter round his neck, knowing that he would be hung if he should fail of establishing the liberty of his country. And yet such was his patriotism, that he went forward, determined to risk every thing, and lose every thing, for the sake of independence. And Congress also passed a firm and unanimous resolution, that they would "maintain and assist him, and adhere to him with their lives and fortunes, for

the maintenance of American liberty." If there had not been men of such a spirit, ready to lose every thing for their country, we could never have been a free people, as we are now; but should have remained to this day, subject to the British Government in every thing, just like Canada. Divine Providence seems to have raised up, not only General Washington and the Congress, but a race of men, for the occasion, such as the world never saw.

General Washington remained at Cambridge with his army, through the winter. When he first arrived, he found the whole of the army only enlisted for short terms, all expiring before the first of the following January. He therefore had to enlist his army anew, as well as to furnish them with clothes and equipment, and discipline them for war; and at the same time to watch a British army of ten thousand in Boston. In a letter to Congress, he says,

"It is not in the pages of history, perhaps, to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within musket shot of the enemy for six months together without ammunition, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another within that distance of twenty odd British regiments, is more, probably, than ever was attempted." But a kind Providence protected the liberties of America, and eventually drove the British army out of Boston. They left on the 17th of March, 1776, and as the rear embarked, General Washington marched with his army triumphantly into Boston, where he was joyfully received as a deliverer.

On his return to the army, my father had received a Captain's commission, in Colonel Prescott's regiment, and immediately enlisted a company of men. After the evacuation of Boston, General Washington naturally supposed the British would aim to obtain possession of New York, and he accordingly marched,

with the greater part of his army, to that place, and proceeded to make the best arrangements he could for the defence of the city and adjacent islands. My father was stationed on Governor's Island, in the harbor.

On the 4th of July, the Congress at Philadelphia, published their declaration that the United States are "free, sovereign, and independent," and dissolved all connection with the British Government. The King of England, George III., under the influence of injudicious counsellors, had treated the people of the colonies so unkindly, and finally made war upon them, that they did not think they were any longer under obligation to obey him. He was made a King, to govern the people for their good. And when he showed a persevering determination to exercise his power for their destruction instead of protection, he exercised a power without right. For no man has a right to do harm. And in such a case, as Mr. Locke

says, in his treatise on Government, *b.* 2, *c.* 14, "The people have no other remedy, as they have no judge on earth, but to *appeal to heaven*," and this they have a right to do, "whenever they judge the cause of sufficient moment," and when they see reasonable ground to hope for success. The people of the American colonies thought this was their case, and therefore appealed to Heaven, and referred it to the providence of God to aid them in defending their rights. The event showed that they were right in believing that the time had come for them to be free.

On the 27th of August, the British army having landed at Gravesend, on Long Island, marched up and attacked the American fortifications on the heights beyond Brooklyn, and after a day of severe fighting, the Americans were defeated, and in the night of the 29th retreated from the island to New-York. My father describes his own situation in the following letter, addressed to his wife :—

"*New-York, Sept.* 5, 1776.

"My Dear ——: There is certainly a Power above, that rules all things, and governs all things.

"Last Friday night, General Washington thought proper to withdraw all the force from Long Island, which was accordingly done. The enemy immediately took possession of the lines our forces left, and then Governor's Island was exposed to their batteries, and their ships all got in motion, many of them making towards us. A most furious cannonade then took place; but after awhile, the enemy beat a parley, and Major Small, of the regulars, came on our island with a flag of truce. He told us we were all prisoners; and really, I did believe we were, for I saw no way to escape, there being no boats on the island, and if there had been, we must come through the fire of both their ships and batteries. So that I did not think I should see you till I had seen Old England."

"But behold the power of Heaven displayed! General Washington sent us seven boats, which were not fired on as they came to the island, by reason of the truce. But when our men were got into the boats, such a cannonade commenced from their ships and batteries, that it seemed impossible the boats should ever get to town. Yet they all arrived safe at the town, and the boats returned to us for the remainder. I came with the last party through their fire. We had not a man killed, and but two wounded, one I believe mortally; he came in the same boat with me.

"Is there not a superior Power, that could protect us in open boats, going so far on the water, through such a shower of shot? Do join with me, in rendering love and praise.

"I remain, your HUGH MAXWELL."

From the commencement of the action on the 27th, till the troops were all safely across the East River, on the 30th, General Wash-

ington never closed his eyes in sleep, and his wisdom and vigilance, with the interposing power of Providence, saved the army from destruction.

Several of the enemy's ships of war passed up both rivers, and Sir Henry Clinton landed with 4,000 men at Kipp's Bay, and Gen. Washington was soon obliged to retreat from the city to Harlæm Heights. My father was then sick, with a dysentery, and must have fallen into the hands of the enemy, but for his faithful waiter, Samuel Gladdin, who would not leave him. His strength not permitting him to keep up with the retreating army, he was obliged to stop often, and finally could not proceed. He said, "Gladdin, take care of yourself, and leave me." But the man could not be persuaded, but begged and entreated with tears, "Do go a little farther;" and sometimes carrying him on his back, he at length brought him to a place of safety. Those who

read accounts of the cruel sufferings endured by the American prisoners in New-York, and the dreadful mortality of the old jail and the prison-ships, will realize something of the obligations which my father and his family always felt towards this faithful servant.

After this my father was with the army, as it continued to retreat, to Westchester county, then across the North River into New-Jersey, to Newark, New Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton, and across the Delaware into Pennsylvania. This retreat took place in the month of November, and so rapid was the pursuit, that the rear of our army, pulling down bridges, &c., was often within shot of their pursuers. By the sudden retreat from New-York, and afterwards from Fort Lee, the troops had lost a great part of their baggage, tents, blankets, cooking utensils, &c. Badly armed, worse clad, and in many instances bare-footed, they often marked their footsteps with blood on the

frozen ground. To increase their despondency, multitudes left the army, because their term of enlistment had expired; while very few recruits were disposed to join an army in such discouraging circumstances.

Under all these trials, Washington remained firm, and always showed himself to his army with a serene and undisturbed countenance. He urged upon Congress to take more effectual measures for enlisting men during the war. And lest they should take offence at his earnestness, he adds, "A character to lose—an estate to forfeit—the interminable blessing of liberty at stake—and a life devoted, must be my excuse."

Such being the sufferings of the General, and the devoted handful who stood by him through this dismal and trying season, it has never occurred to historians to say anything about the families of the soldiers. If any should ask what were the hardships women had to endure

in that war? these were part of them. Three of our neighbors in Charlemont had enlisted others for three years or during the war, leaving their families to take care of themselves—or rather to the care of Providence. The out-door work, of getting wood, hay, and other crops, had to be done by women. One woman would get a pair of oxen, go to the woods, chop a tree, fasten the chain to it, drag it into the barn, and cut it for the fire. She had also to plant, hoe and gather her corn. All had to provide for their families as they could. The country was poor and had no resources, and could not pay the soldiers. The women must find meat and grain where they could, and then spin and weave to pay for it. Some of those who had grain to sell took advantage of their necessities, and even taunted those women in distress, saying, "Let their husbands come home and take care of them;" notwithstanding those husbands were fighting for the liberties

of their country. Besides this, there was the excitement of continual alarms, drafting men in the militia, &c. Many days the roar of cannon was heard distinctly, and sometimes even the musketry, although at so great a distance, because the town lies very high. They could lay their ears close to the ground and hear very plainly; and knowing that most likely their husbands, brothers, and fathers, were then engaged in battle, where very likely they might 'be killed or wounded, far from home,' it was very trying.

In addition to this, the pay of the soldiers, scanty at first, soon began to depreciate. They were paid in what was called continental money, a sort of notes or bills issued by congress, and promised to be redeemed in gold and silver.—But people began to fear that congress would never redeem them, and so they run down, till at last, fifty dollars of a soldier's wages would scarcely purchase a bushel of corn. How

could the soldiers endure this? They were men, possessing kind feelings, as husbands and fathers, and they could not bear it. One season, many of them deserted and came home. A reward was offered for bringing them back to camp, and they were taken back, and punished as deserters. Their only plea was, the sufferings of their families at home, who had nothing but potatoes to eat. My father wrote to one of his worthy neighbors on the subject. "Do, Sir," he says, "look to the families of those honest soldiers who came from Charlemont. You are a lame man, and cannot go as a soldier yourself. But in this way you can render essential service to this distressed country. It will prevent desertion, and we cannot spare the men. Our case is critical, and if they see that people at home are disposed to make their families comfortable, it will greatly relieve the minds of the poor soldiers, and they will be more willing to stay."

Such and many more were the hardships the soldiers' wives and families had to endure, as the price of American freedom. The present generation can never realize a thousandth part of the sufferings that liberty cost their ancestors. It is a dear-bought blessing, purchased by blood and suffering, and ought to be highly prized, and diligently guarded, and especially improved in such a way as to secure the approbation of God, and show a proper return for his wonderful goodness to our favored land.

The trying circumstances in which General Washington found himself, made him feel it necessary to take some step, if possible, to check the course of disaster and desertion. He used every effort to bring in the militia, and at length, by the aid of 1500 citizens of Philadelphia, and a part of the northern army, raised his force to about 7000 men. The two armies were separated only by the river Delaware. The British, in the security of conquest, scattered

their troops in Burlington, Bordentown, Trenton, and other towns in New-Jersey, expecting that the Delaware would soon be passable by ice. Washington observed, "Now is the time to clip their wings, when they are so spread." He accordingly formed the bold design of re-crossing the Delaware, to attack the British on its banks. On the evening of Christmas day, he crossed the river, with about 2400 men, the stream being full of ice, and the cold extreme. The two divisions entered Trenton by different roads, within three minutes of each other. The following clear account of the battle is copied from Dr. Ramsay's Life of Washington.

"The out guards of the Hessian troops at Trenton soon fell back; but kept up a constant retreating fire. Their main body being hard pressed by the Americans, who had already got possession of half their artillery, attempted to file off by a road leading towards Princeton, but were checked by a body of troops thrown

in their way. Finding they were surrounded, they threw down their arms. The number which submitted was 23 officers and 886 men. Between thirty and forty of the Hessians were killed and wounded. Col. Rahl was among the former, and seven of his officers among the latter. Captain Washington, of the Virginia troops, and five or six of the Americans, were wounded. Two were killed, and two or three were frozen death. The detachment in Trenton consisted of the regiments of Rahl, Losberg, and Kniphausen, amounting in the whole to about 1500 men, and a troop of British light horse. All these were killed or captured, except about 600, who escaped by the road leading to Bordentown.

"The British had a strong battalion of light infantry at Princeton, and a force yet remaining in the Delaware, superior to the American army. Washington, therefore, in the evening of the same day, thought it most prudent to

cross into Pennsylvania with his prisoners. These being secured, he re-crossed the Delaware, and took possession of Trenton. The detachments which had been distributed over New-Jersey previous to the capture of the Hessians, immediately after that event assembled at Princeton, and were joined by the army from Brunswick under Lord Cornwallis. From this position they came forward to Trenton in great force, hoping by a vigorous onset, to repair the injury their cause had sustained by the late defeat.

"Truly delicate was the situation of the feeble American army. To retreat was to hazard the city of Philadelphia, and to destroy every ray of hope which began to dawn from their late success. To risk an action, with a superior force in front, and a river in rear, was dangerous in the extreme. To get round the advanced party of the British, and, by pushing forwards, to attack in their rear, was deemed pre-

ferable to either. The British, on their advance from Princeton, attacked a body of Americans which were posted with four field pieces a little to the northward of Trenton, and compelled them to retreat. The pursuing British being checked at the bridge over Sanpink creek by some field pieces, fell back so far as to be out of their reach. The Americans were drawn up on the opposite side of the creek, and in that position remained till night, cannonading the enemy and receiving their fire. In this critical hour, two armies, on which the success or failure of the American revolution materially depended, were crowded into the small village of Trenton, and only separated by a creek, in many places fordable.

"The British, believing they had all the advantages they could wish for, and that they could use them when they pleased, discontinued all farther operations, and kept themselves in readiness to make the attack next morning.

But the next morning presented a scene as brilliant on the one side, as it was unexpected on the other. Soon after it became dark, Washington ordered all his baggage to be silently removed, and having left guards for the purpose of deception, marched with his whole force by a circuitous route to Princeton. This manœuvre was determined upon in a council of war, from a conviction that it would avoid the appearance of a retreat, and at the same time the hazard of an action in a bad position, and that it was the most likely way of preserving the city of Philadelphia from falling into the hands of the British. Washington also presumed, that, from an eagerness to efface the impressions made by the late capture of the Hessians at Trenton, the British commanders had pushed forward their principal force; and that the remainder in the rear at Princeton, was not more than equal to his own. The event verified this conjecture. The more effectually to disguise

the departure of the Americans from Trenton, fires were lighted up in front of their camp. These not only gave an appearance of going to rest, but, as flame cannot be seen through, concealed from the British what was transacting behind them. In this relative position they were a pillar of fire to one army, and the pillar of a cloud to the other. Providence favored this movement of the Americans. The weather had been for some time so warm and moist that the ground was soft, and the roads so deep as to be scarcely passable; but the wind suddenly changed to the northwest, and the ground in a short time was frozen so hard that when the Americans took up their line of march, they were no more retarded than if they had been upon a solid pavement.

"Washington reached Princeton early in the morning, and would have completely surprised the British, had not a party which was on their way to Trenton descried his troops when they

were about two miles distant, and sent back couriers to alarm their unsuspecting fellow soldiers in their rear. These consisted of the 17th, the 40th, and 55th regiments of British infantry, and some of the royal artillery, with two field pieces, and three troops of light dragoons. The centre of the Americans, consisting of the Philadelphia militia, while on their line of march, was briskly charged by a party of the British, and gave way in disorder. The moment was critical. Washington pushed forward, and placed himself between his own men and the British, with his horse's head fronting the latter. The Americans, encouraged by his example and exhortations, made a stand, and returned the British fire. The General, though between both parties, was providentially uninjured by either. A party of the British fled into the college, and were there attacked with field pieces, which were fired into it. The seat of the muses became for some time the scene of ac-

tion. The party which had taken refuge in the college, after receiving a few discharges from the American field pieces, came out and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. In the course of the engagement sixty of the British were killed, and a great number wounded, and about 300 taken prisoners. The rest made their escape, some by pushing on to Trenton; others by returning to Brunswick.

"While they were fighting in Princeton, the British in Trenton were under arms, and on the point of making an assault on the evacuated camp of the Americans. With so much address had the movement to Princeton been conducted, that though from the critical situation of the two armies every ear may be supposed to have been open, and every watchfulness to have been employed, yet Washington moved completely off the ground with his whole force, stores, baggage, and artillery, unknown to and unsuspected by his adversaries. The British

in Trenton were so entirely deceived, that when they heard the report of the artillery at Princeton, though it was in the depth of winter, they supposed it to be thunder.

"The British, astonished at these bold movements of an enemy supposed to be vanquished, instantly fell back with their whole force, and abandoned every post they held to the southward of New-York, except Brunswick and Amboy."

My father was in these actions, and with the suffering army at Morristown during the winter. In the spring of 1777, Gen. Washington detached the brigade to which my father belonged, to join the northern army under Gen. Gates, to oppose the progress of Gen. Burgoyne, who had invaded the country from Canada. The first check received by the invaders was by Bennington battle, on the 15th August. On the 14th of Sept. Burgoyne encamped at Saratoga. On the 19th, a battle took place,

near Stillwater. For four hours, the two armies fought hand to hand, and at length the Americans retreated to their camp. But the militia now poured in from all quarters, so that the situation of the British army became daily more critical. On the 7th of Oct. another battle took place, concerning which my father writes as follows:

"Through the goodness of God to me, I am safe and well, though in the midst of wars and battles. Do join me in thanksgiving and praise to God for his mercies. The day before yesterday, our brigade had another sore battle with the enemy. Our men seemed both inspired and protected by Heaven. With nothing but small arms, we forced the British from eight cannon, and also from all their outworks and encampment, with but little loss on our side. The enemy are gone this morning—have left between four and five hundred sick and wounded behind them; and, would you believe it?

Gen. Burgoyne wrote to Gen. Gates, this morning, begging him to take care of them. We shall pursue them with all possible speed." Gen. Burgoyne surrendered his whole army on the 16th.

Oct. 22, 1777, my father writes to my mother from Albany. After giving some particulars of the surrender, he says, "This is glorious news for America—the best day we have ever seen. Pray, do not grudge the hardships you have endured, since Heaven has crowned this campaign with such a victory."

In November, my father joined the southern army, near Philadelphia, and shared its hardships when, in the latter part of December, they sat down in the roads near Valley Forge, to build huts for their accommodation during the winter. The army was in a suffering condition, in want of clothing, many men destitute of shoes and stockings, and marking their footsteps over the frozen ground, with blood from their lace-

rated feet. For some days also, there was little less than a famine in the camp, till General Washington sent to the surrounding country and seized by force the provisions needed by his starving troops. Such a course was very trying to the feelings of our good general. But necessity compelled him. And at length, by order of Congress, he issued a proclamation, "calling on the farmers within 70 miles of head quarters, to thrash out one half of their grain by the 1st of Feb. and the residue by the 1st of March, under the penalty of having the whole seized as straw." Yet at this time, the legislature of Pennsylvania sent a remonstrance to Congress, against the army's being allowed to go into winter quarters. Gen. Washington replied that nearly three thousand of his men were unfit for duty, because they were barefooted, and otherwise naked. He inquired, if the legislature thought the soldiers were stocks and stones? He assured them "that it was much

easier to draw up remonstrances in a comfortable room, by a good fire, than to occupy a cold bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets."

To encourage the army, Congress passed resolutions in favor of allowing the officers half pay for seven years after the war. Already their pay had so depreciated, that it was not sufficient for their *decent* support. The next action in which he was engaged, was the battle of Monmouth, N. J. on the 28th of June, 1778. Both parties claimed the victory, but the Americans prepared to renew the action the next day; but the British retreated, and soon returned to New-York. Little else of great importance took place in that year. The American army took post for a time at White Plains, in West Chester county, and then in the autumn retired to Middlebrook, N. J.

In the year 1779, my father was promoted to the rank of Major, and placed under com-

mand of Major General William Heath, of Massachusetts, then stationed on the east side of the Hudson River. The whole season of 1779 was consumed, by the Northern army, in observation of the enemy's army in New-York, and in skirmishes, and attacks upon posts. The active war was confined chiefly to the South. The duty on the lines, however, was of a kind requiring much prudence, unceasing vigilance, stern integrity, and great courage and perseverance. That our father was actively employed in such a service, during three years that he was under the command of General Heath, has always been a gratifying subject of remembrance to his children. How he gained the approbation of his commander, may be gathered from the following friendly letter, written almost twenty years after their separation, and within a few months of my father's removal from this world.

"*Roxbury, February* 13, 1799.

"DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 5th of January came safely to hand, and is, like your other letters, and conversation, replete with good sense and just observations. I well know your long and faithful services in the army, and how often I have slept without apprehension of being surprised, because you guarded the outpost, and I knew that the enemy would not be allowed to evade your vigilance. The change in your circumstances is no novelty; it is the lot of very many. The dimunition of your property to yourself, for the settlement and education of your children, is neither lost or misspent. To them it may be money on interest at cent per cent. I believe the maxim, that "fortune may fail us, but that a prudent conduct never will," is pretty well founded, altho' you know that all general rules sometimes have exceptions. It is probably the *too great confidence* in the *professions* of our friends, especial-

ly when they want our aid, that leads us into a snare, rather than the fault of prudent conduct. You will recollect the pertinent observations, that 'Creditors have better memories than debtors'—and that 'He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing—and so does he who goes to get in his property again.'

"I reserved of my Memoirs only six copies; one I keep for myself, and I have given one to each of my four children. The sixth I present to you, in token of my particular friendship. I hope it will afford you some pleasure in the perusal—but you must exercise your wonted candor—and expect to meet with many imperfections in the work. It is said of the great Marshal Saxe, although one of the first generals of the age in which he lived—yet that he was no scholar. For myself, I neither profess to be a great general, nor a scholar. The man who claims the pre-eminence of classic writing, prides himself in the sublimity of his style, and

well turned periods. If in any thing of the Memoirs I have any pride, it is their being a faithful narration of facts, carefully and without intermission, recorded daily, as they happened to take place. They will therefore operate as a memento to the man who served in the army, if they should not be found well seasoned for the man of science. I shall commit the book to the care of the honorable Mr. Sexton—and with hearty wishes for the best of heaven's blessings on you and your family, I bid you adieu. W. HEATH."

My father's respect and attachment for his commanding general fully corresponded to the sentiments so kindly expressed in the above letter. The copy of "Heath's Memoirs" has been faithfully preserved in the family; and when the town of Charlemont was divided by act of the legislature, my father used his influence and had the new town named after so meritorious a revolutionary patriot.

In Dec. 1780, my father was stationed at Crompond, N. Y. where he was employed in watching the movements of the enemy, sending out foraging parties, procuring provisions, &c. In an order to Col. Hull, respecting additional protection to the inhabitants on the lines, dated Dec. 22, 1780, Gen. H. speaks of a detachment "commanded by Major Maxwell, an exceeding attentive and good officer, whose whole conduct has had my fullest approbation." In this service, my father was required to hold his detachment "always in the most perfect readiness to march at a moment's warning, the men to keep four days' provisions cooked on hand always, and 40 rounds of ammunition." In Jan. 1781, an attack was made by Col. Hull's command, of which my father then formed part, upon a detachment of the British under Col. Delancey, at Morrisania. The enemy were surprised, and upwards of 50 prisoners taken, together with a large number of cattle. The

commanding officer of the British party [it is not certainly known that Col. D. was then in the camp] was afterwards sent to the American lines with a flag of truce. He and my father were speaking of that affair, and the British officer said he had to flee that night in his night gown. "Ah!" said my father, "is that British discipline? An officer on the lines undress and go to bed!" The officer replied, "We will take you so some time or other." My father said, "If you ever take me on the lines in the night, you shall find me dressed throughout, with boots and spurs on, my pistols loaded at my pillow, and my horse saddled at the door." In orders of Jan. 31, Gen. Heath says to my father, "Your late attempt upon Col. Delancey requires double precaution on your side, at every post; for it is very probable the enemy will, if possible, resent the insult. Let your parties, therefore, be constantly on the move, and endeavor to obtain the earliest and best intelli-

gence of the movements or designs of the enemy."

In another order, dated Feb. 7, 1781, Gen. Heath thanks him for the newspapers from New York, and requests him to obtain newspapers as often as possible, "for notwithstanding they contain a great deal of bombastic falsity, as well as puffing proclamations, they may also at some times contain news which it may be interesting to know.

"Permit me to repeat to you to keep a watchful look-out. The enemy will probably try to give you a blow, and knowing your vigilance, will endeavor to lay their plans the deeper. Fortune may fail us—a prudent conduct never will."

Another anecdote I will relate, concerning this portion of my father's history. I had it from one of his soldiers. As he was marching one day, over the "neutral ground" with his small detachment, to reconnoiter, he was sur-

prised by the appearance of a large body of the enemy coming upon them. There was no way to escape—to retreat was impossible, to fight would be madness, and he had recourse to stratagem. He marched to the top of a hill, and ordered his men to stack their arms, and some to lie on the ground at their ease, and others to engage in wrestling, pitching quoits, and other sports, thus appearing careless and secure. The enemy came to the foot of the hill and halted, the officers held a consultation, and then faced about and marched off! He afterwards learned that the enemy thought it a snare to decoy him into an ambush; otherwise it would be impossible for men to be so carelessly employed. Thus they were again saved from falling into the power of the enemy, through the care of Him, who watched over them continually, and without whose notice not a sparrow falleth to the ground. It is said that nearly twelve thousand Americans died, during the war, in

the prisons and prison ships at New-York, a sufficient proof that they were grievously neglected by the British authorities, and a perpetual reproach upon British humanity.

The following is an extract of a letter written to him, March 25, 1799, by his minister, the Rev. Jonathan Leavitt, of Charlemont.

" I cordially wish you the honor and felicity of daily spiritual fellowship and communion with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ; and hope you will (whatever other innocent pleasures you may be blessed with) think yourself very unhappy without it: that you will ever make religion your first concern; and that the substantial pleasures resulting from it may constantly be your chief joy.

" Though I have no news of a civil, political, or belligerent nature to acquaint you with, yet I cannot forbear to mention that which I believe will be no less grateful to your mind, than any news of the former kind that hath reached your

ears for a long time. And that is, the blessed out-pouring of God's Spirit and a revival of religion in some of our towns of late; and which is considerable in Northampton, Amherst, and Southampton, besides some droppings in other towns; which I hope we may take as a good omen upon the churches in this land."

It is not recollected that any religious history notices these revivals that seem to have taken place during the most critical periods of the revolutionary war. Probably other revivals occurred about the same period, which kept alive the flame of piety, even amid the din of arms and the corruption of camps.

While my father was in the army, a serious division arose in the church and congregation of Charlemont. It is not my design to enter into the merits of the case, for the actors in it have long since gone to their account. In the progress of the difficulty, the town voted to close the doors of the meeting house. In this

crisis major Maxwell wrote to the church, of which he was a member, remonstrating with them for deserting their rights, and urging them not to allow their doors to be closed against the institutions and ordinances of the gospel. He says—"You must allow that my long absence does by no means destroy the connexion between us, but that we are still mutually bound to watch over each other for our spiritual and everlasting good; and that if I walk disorderly, you may and ought to deal with me for it in the way our holy religion points out. And if I find disorder has crept in among you, I must bear testimony against it. Surely then, you cannot blame me for in the most solemn manner protesting against that (far more than) Gallio carelessness, in allowing the house of God to be shut against the assembly of the Saints, on God's holy day, when I would hope some good people in Charlemont might expect to be edified by the preaching of the word."

Although the Northern army had but little severe fighting during these years, yet the duty was very fatiguing. The necessity of such incessant vigilance to keep the British from gaining the Highlands at West Point and thus opening a communication between New-York and Canada, the bitterness of the tories and refugees towards the friends of America, the depredations of a set of unprincipled beings called Cowboys who were all the while committing their depredations, the scantiness of the provision made for the army, and the disheartening influence of a species of warfare where no great battles lent excitement to fatigue and danger, all conspired in rendering the years, from the battle of Monmouth to the close of the war, a season of great trial to the army of the North. The following extracts from Ramsay's Washington, and from Gen. Heath's Journal, will illustrate some of these sufferings :

A letter from Gen. Washington, June, 1780,

has the following words: "Since the date of my last, we have had the virtue and patience of the army put to the severest trial. Sometimes it has been five or six days together without bread; at other times as many days without meat; and once or twice two or three days without either. I hardly thought it possible, at one period, that we should be able to keep it together, nor could it have been done, but for the exertions of the magistrates in the several counties of this state, on whom I was obliged to call; expose our situation to them; and, in plain terms, declare that we were reduced to the alternative of disbanding or catering for ourselves, unless the inhabitants would afford us their aid. I allotted to each county a certain proportion of flour or grain, and a certain number of cattle, to be delivered on certain days; and, for the honor of the magistrates, and the good disposition of the people, I must add, that my requisitions were punctually complied with,

and in many counties exceeded. Nothing but this great exertion could have saved the army from dissolution or starving, as we were bereft of every hope from the commissaries. At one time the soldiers eat every kind of horse food but hay. Buckwheat, common wheat, rye, and Indian corn, composed the meal which made their bread. As an army, they bore it with most heroic patience; but sufferings like these, accompanied by the want of clothes, blankets, &c. will produce frequent desertion in all armies; and so it happened with us, though it did not excite a single mutiny."

The paper money with which the troops were paid, was in a state of depreciation daily increasing. The distresses from this source, though felt in 1778, and still more so in 1779, did not arrive to the highest pitch till the year 1780. Under the pressure of sufferings from this cause, the officers of the Jersey line addressed a memorial to their state legislature,

setting forth "that four months' pay of a private, would not procure for his family a single bushel of wheat; that the pay of a colonel would not purchase oats for his horse; that a common laborer or express rider, received four times as much as an American officer." They urged that "unless a speedy and ample remedy was provided, the total dissolution of their line was inevitable." Gen. Heath says:

"1781. January 1st.—The Pennsylvania line mutinied almost to a man, seized the artillery, broke open the magazines of ammunition and provisions, took out what they judged necessary, and took up their line of march. The officers exerted themselves, both by threats and persuasion, to reduce them to order; but all was in vain. They were told that the enemy might take the advantage of their conduct, and come out—they answered, that if the enemy came out, they would immediately put themselves under the command of their officers, and

fight them; but that in any other case they would not be commanded. They took Gen. Wayne's horses out of his stable, and put them to draw the field-pieces. At night they encamped, posting out pickets, guards, and planting centinels in a very regular manner. An alarm was given to the country by firing the beacons, &c. and the militia were assembling. The reasons given for the revolt were the intolerable sufferings of the army—the want of pay, of which 11 months was due—the want of clothing, many of the troops being almost naked—the want of provisions, and that many of them were held beyond the term of their enlistment. They directed their march towards Philadelphia, determined to demand redress of their grievances of Congress.

"7th.—Maj. Gen. Knox was sent off by the Commander in Chief to the eastern states, to represent the alarming situation and sufferings of the army.

"8th.—Major Throop, with 100 men, was sent towards Pompton, in the Jersies, to cover the public stores, at Ringwood. In the afternoon, 169 barrels of flour arrived at the Point.

"11th.—His Excellency the Commander in Chief came down to West-Point, when a council of war was held at our General's quarters, in which all the general officers on the ground, and all the colonels and commanding officers of regiments sat, to consider what measures were necessary to be adopted, with respect to the Pennsylvania line. After the council, by order of the Commander in Chief, our General issued orders for the forming of five battalions, by detachment from the several lines, to be held in the most perfect readiness to march on the shortest notice, with four days provisions cooked. The mutineers remained on the heights of Princeton, and two emissaries were sent out to them from the enemy, with offers, in writing, promising to redress their grievances, by dis-

charging them from their enlistments, paying all their arrearages of pay and depreciation, and exempting them from serving in the British army, if they should choose it. The mutineers nobly disdained these offers, and gave up the emissaries and their papers : they were tried, and hanged as spies ; the one was an inhabitant of New-Jersey, the other was a British serjeant. Gen. Sir Henry Clinton and Gen. Knyphausen were said to have been on Staten Island. The state appointed a committee to inquire into the grounds of the complaints of the mutineers, and to redress such as appeared to have foundation : this brought the business to a close. A number of the soldiers were discharged, the rest returned to their duty.

" Accounts weré received from the southward, that the American army in that quarter were in a most miserable condition, on account of clothing and provisions, and that their sufferings were greater than those experienced by the

main army. These sufferings of the army were rendered the keener, by the return of the officers and soldiers from furlough, who had been in the great sea-port towns, where every necessary and luxury of life were enjoyed, in the greatest abundance, many tables groaning under the pressure of the dainties with which they were covered. Their liquors were not only the best, but also of great variety. Such reports, to men standing sentinel, as it were, in the jaws of death, ill clad, cold and hungry, with nothing but water oftentimes to drink, were trials almost too great for human nature to bear. The old Continental currency was fixed at 75 for one, at Philadelphia."

In the course of the month, order was established again, and two of the ringleaders in the mutiny were executed. The close of the year found the whole army again very destitute of clothing, and the supplies so tardy that the poor soldiers were not clad until far into January,

1782. How can our American youth appreciate the value of their liberties and privileges, unless they read and study the history of the Revolutionary War?

But though surrounded with so many trials, difficulties and dangers, my father never lost sight of his duty either to his family, his soldiers, his country, or his God. He used to write often to his family, encouraging them to industry, contentment, and fidelity. He assured them that if they were faithful in the lot where they were cast, they would receive a rich reward in this life, and in heaven joy and happiness in the presence of God, beholding his face forever, singing the song of redeeming grace and dying love. He set before them the advantage of early piety, the love of God in providing a Savior, the obligation lying on them to love that Savior and obey his commands, the advantage of a good moral character, which must be established while young if they would

wish to be respected in the world; that now in youth was the time to establish a character for life, and that should they forfeit their reputation now, the blot must remain through life, grieve their parents, and offend their God. In his letters he always ascribed praise to God for every advantage gained over the enemy, and at all times for protecting and preserving mercy. He appeared deeply to humble himself before God in every adverse providence.

He possessed a kind and benevolent disposition, and took care of his soldiers in sickness and deprivations, as if they were his own family. The rules and reflections which he wrote on receiving his first commission, continued to be his guide in his subsequent promotions.—While he commanded a company he lost four men by sickness, two of whom belonged to Charlemont. His first serjeant was killed and scalped and cut to pieces, his hands thrown away and could not be found.

The men were usually permitted to visit their families once a year on furlough for thirty days. This was a jubilee season to every family.—Though only one came home at one time, each of the soldiers had communications to send home, which for a moment seemed to dissipate all trouble, and our hardships were forgotten for a short season.

My father was much respected by his neighbors and acquaintance, he was kind and hospitable to all, possessed much humor, could relate many interesting anecdotes, and communicate information, and was never at a loss for topics interesting to his hearers. When he came home, our little room was often filled all day to overflowing; receiving and paying visits consumed the time, which seemed to fly with greater rapidity than usual, and almost before we were aware, the time to leave had arrived, when he must bid farewell and return to camp. This would cast a gloom over us all, especially my

mother, who suffered much, and endured great hardships in consequence of his absence ; the care of the family and farm, and perplexities of every kind relating to it, being cast upon her. But believing, as he had ever taught us, that he was in the path of duty, with some degree of cheerfulness we could acquiesce in his decision. Nor can we regret the sacrifice for our country's liberty, although at the time it was rather hard to bear.

In August, 1781, the news was received in camp that a large French fleet had arrived in the West Indies for the purpose of assisting the Americans. General Washington determined to attempt some grand enterprise ; and finding that there would be difficulties in making a successful attack upon the main army in New-York, he determined to leave his main army under command of Gen. Heath, to watch New-York, and proceed himself with the French troops and a portion of his own, to Vir-

ginia. On the 19th, says Gen. Heath, "about noon, he left the army, setting his face towards his native state, in full confidence, to use his own words, 'with a common blessing,' of capturing Lord Cornwallis and his army." This he had the pleasure of effecting in two months, and Cornwallis and his army surrendered on the 19th of October. The news was received at the main army on the 28th, and was celebrated on the 31st with great joy, as General Heath informs us:

"Oct. 31st.—The army in the Highlands celebrated the glorious victory obtained over Lord Cornwallis. The whole army was under arms in one line; the artillery interspersed with the brigades to which it was attached: at 12 o'clock, the army was reviewed by the General; at one, a grand *feu-de-joie* was fired; after which, all the officers dined together, at a table spread in the field, and formed a great square, where great festivity and social mirth

prevailed. The soldiery had an extra boon on the occasion; and, to crown the whole, in the midst of the joy around the table, an officer approached our General, and informed him, that at the request of the prisoners in the provost, (who are pretty numerous,) he was desired to represent that their hearts expanded with joy on account of the glorious victory obtained by their illustrious Commander-in-Chief—that they lamented they could not express it with their comrades in arms; but that they did it heartily in their confinement, and solicited the General's goodness in an order for something to cheer their spirits. This was instantly done, with an additional order to the officer of the provost guard, to set every prisoner in confinement at liberty. The promulgation of this order drew a shout of approbation from the whole body of the officers at the table; and probably had a better effect on the discipline of the army, than a continuation of confinement and

exemplary punishment of the culprits could have produced. The general order of the day directed, that 'As soon as the *feu-de-joie* is over, the arms, ammunition, &c. are immediately to be put in perfect order for instant action. All guards, pickets, and centinels to be vigilant and alert on their posts;' which, notwithstanding the joy of the day, was strictly observed.

"On this occasion there were rejoicings in all parts of the United States: one instance seems to be worthy of notice; the company collected had determined to burn Gen. Arnold in *effigy*, for his treachery at West-Point; just as they were going to commit the effigy to the flames, one of the company observed, that one of Arnold's legs was wounded when he was fighting bravely for America, that this leg ought not to be burnt, but amputated; in which the whole company agreed; and this leg was taken off, and safely laid by."

This joyful event awakened in the minds of the Americans brightening prospects of liberty and peace. The events of the war after that time were of little comparative interest. Yet the conclusion of a peace was the work of time, and it would not answer for the United States to disband their army, until peace should be actually and definitely concluded. The soldiers were therefore kept through two long, wearisome years, in their camp. In the mean time, the state of the currency and the pay of the army occupied general attention. My father felt a deep interest in the subject, and gave his views in two letters, addressed to his friend William Stickney, Esq. of Massachusetts.

"Dear Sir,—When I cannot be favored with the sight of a worthy old friend, it is a pleasure to have an opportunity to write; this I have by Mr. Whiting and cheerfully embrace it. As for news I shall not pretend to write

any to you, for no doubt you are furnished with intelligence from all parts much more correct than I can give.

"There are two things that engage my care, study, and concern; that is, the war and the continental currency. You know I early engaged in the quarrel, and have been closely attached to it thus far, having been pretty generally abroad, except home on some visits, perhaps three or four times, so that you may well think I have grown weary of the fatigue of the camp; but I am far from having the most distant wish to leave the work till it is finished (as I trust it will be) with glory and advantage to America. No, old and almost worn out as I am, my wish is to share in the remaining hardships and dangers of the war; which I am full of hope will be brought to an end the ensuing winter.

"But the circumstance of the money is of a serious and I think an alarming nature; surely

it must be high time for the country to arouse to its interest, and adopt some method to extricate itself out of the embarrassment with which it is now encumbered. I cannot think your regulating act will be a cure for the disorder. No, there is no way I can advise to you that will remedy the states like levying taxes; tho' the tax of a million dollars per month may bear a disagreeable sound. Well, so does three thousand dollars for a yoke of oxen that once sold for forty. I cannot think but the farmer can pay his tax much more easily now, than he could after the price of the produce of his farm is struck down to half the value it will now fetch. You must remember that you purchased beef for the army at a most extravagant price; well, then surely you can pay for it easier now than when the produce of your farm will not fetch you half so much as it will now; therefore, now pay your tax while you can do it easily.

"The debt contracted by the war must be

paid sooner or later, and the sooner the better. I can by no means advise to pay interest for such enormous sums till the money comes to be appreciated, and then have the principal to pay. I do think such a mode of conduct will be the ruin of many of our best citizens. Perhaps you will meet with difficulty in levying your tax in an equal manner. It is likely that some individuals that have collected vast sums of money by trade of late, cannot be come at to be taxed for their property that is taxable. Some such may, and it is likely will, escape without paying their proportions of the public charge; let them go; IT IS, I THINK, PUNISHMENT ENOUGH ON A MAN, TO REFLECT THAT HIS COUNTRY IS SAVED FROM RUIN WITHOUT HIS HELP, and that he by his monopoly and extortion has made use of all his power to sell it to destruction. But difficulties will always arise, and such difficulties must be surmounted. It appears to me the ship is in sight of a safe

port, and sad would it be indeed to have it now wrecked.

"My desire is at the conclusion of the war to return back among my old neighbors and be a citizen, not a soldier, therefore my earnest wish is that I may find my fellow citizens in as flourishing circumstances as possible, and that I may again peaceably and quietly join them in domestic affairs. I therefore on that, as well as on other political principles, wish I may never more hear of half pay to the army. I think I can see such a step, if taken, big with consequences the most impolitic, and that may turn out the most injurious to these states, and that may more than counterbalance all the advantages which we are like to gain by the present war.

"I think the General Court has shown a sense of gratitude to the army as great as I can expect, that is in making good the depreciation of our pay; do that and I ask no more.

"But then our soldiers are in naked circumstances, many of them no blankets, no shoes, no stockings, or even breeches for winter. I do think it is and has been in the power of the state to supply the men with these articles of clothing for which they suffer, and for want of which their tempers are soured, their minds are chafed, and they do not do their duty with that cheerfulness which might otherwise be expected; and think yourself on the propriety of punishing men for neglect of duty to you, when you do not do your duty to them. Besides, the men will not believe your promises now; they say you have broken so many promises to them already, that you are not to be trusted again. I must beg, sir, that the country at large would consider whether they have not given reason to the soldiers to speak in that manner.

"On the whole much has been done already to save this country from ruin, and much remains to be done. Perhaps the spirit of vice

throughout the country has not yet been sufficiently humbled, nay, by what I hear it rather increases. Witness such an avaricious, extortious, oppressive temper, that now prevails throughout the land; that it seems as if people would take an advantage of the judgments of heaven to increase their wealth, and at the expense of not only their country but their conscience.

"Sir,—It is currently reported in camp that we are on the *eve* of a peace. Should such an event take place, it will be a matter of sincere rejoicing in the army. It is what we wish for with the greatest anxiety, but do not let even such a desirable event take place till the independence of America is fully effected and firmly established. Now, sir, suppose the end accomplished, peace, liberty, and independence, soon, suffer me to ask what you will do with your army? Many will say disband it at once. I say so too. But sir, will you turn us into the

wide world to seek our fortunes like fortune-hunters, without money or friends, after we have served you eight years in your wars? after spending the flower of our days in the service of our country, and under God been the means of freeing it from the greatest danger that it could fear? I am sure of better things from the good people of these states.

"You are sensible, sir, that the pay which we have heretofore received for our services, has been very inconsiderable, that it has been of very little service to us, and that we have been under the necessity to part with our public securities on very disadvantageous terms, by which means we have laid by nothing of our earnings as yet that we can command at present; not even those who have saved their securities in their own hands, though there are but few of us that have been able to keep them.

"I by no means wish that the country would support me in idleness: to do it would be both

impolitic and injustice. No country ought to suffer an idle person to live in it, much less support him at the public expense, and still much less support a large body of idle persons. It would be attended with no small danger to the commonwealth; for when mankind have no calling to follow they will do mischief. But there are many in the army, both officers and private soldiers, that engaged in the wars, some from the farm and some from the mechanics' shops, at the age of twenty or perhaps twenty three years, who had no foundation stock to begin the world with at that time, but depended on his industry with a blessing thereon to support himself and his future family; but by his attachment to the public, eight years are near expired, and eight of his best years, without his being able to lay up a shilling. Besides, the man who has continued in the war has from necessity imbibed habits and principles entirely inconsistent with a laborious life, and which he can-

not immediately divest himself of, and you will very readily grant that it was needful for the good of service that such principles should be indulged by us, viz: a certain degree of neatness, a proper reservedness, a deportment and behavior above that of the laborious calling to which we should have applied ourselves had we remained in our former circumstances.

"Our country is rich, it is growing richer very fast; I do not mean in silver and gold; the riches and wealth of New-England do not consist in these trifles, but in population, agriculture, and manufactures, and I must hope that the honest old veteran who has spent his strength and his blood in the service of America will always be smiled upon by the honest industrious farmer of America."

The subsequent experience of the country has demonstrated the soundness of these views, although, unfortunately, some of them were not adopted by those in power.

During these tedious years of comparative inaction, the pious officers were not inattentive to the religious interests of the army. At the cantonment in New Windsor, they built a large house for public worship, capable of holding a whole brigade of men. At length they were greeted by the news of peace, which my father thus announces, in a letter to his wife.

March 27, 1783.

My Dear :—We have built a large hut in our encampment, which serves for preaching, and to hold public meetings of the officers of the army, or any sort of business. I am now a member of a Court Martial which sits in it. Yesterday after the court had met and were standing without on the steps of the door, general Washington came riding up, and after a "good morrow to ye gentlemen," "a fine day general," and about one or two minutes silence, the general took off his hat and addressed us

in nearly the following words: "Gentlemen, I think I may now venture to congratulate you on the establishment of peace. Last night an express arrived from congress with the account of it, and although not official, yet in such a manner as to put it beyond a doubt that it was signed on the 21st of January at Paris, and was to take place in America on the 21st of this month." Let us be thankful.

This, my dear, is glorious news; and you may be sure that you have my most sincere congratulation on the event; and do present it to our children; I dare say it will be matter of great joy to you all. Let us praise our Maker who gives us peace.

I think if our business and all our accounts can be settled so that the army is like to be disbanded soon, I shall not come home until that is finished; but if not, I shall endeavor to come in April.

Harris* gives me a very good account of you, and I must wish you to pursue the same course. But I have time to say no more at present than to tell you that I am still your own,

HUGH MAXWELL.

The joyful news of peace flew through the land like lightning. The great object for which Americans had taken up arms, the right of obeying their own laws,† was finally attained,

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* One of the soldiers, who had been home on a furlough.

† The American colonies from the beginning claimed the right of making laws for themselves. And they exercised it too, and consequently the revolutionary war is to be regarded as purely defensive. Our fathers fought to protect themselves from being compelled to break the laws under which they lived. The British parliament claimed a power, which they never had, of making laws to bind the colonies. The true state of the case, the original rights of the colonies, and the spirit of the early colonists, may be seen in the following extracts from Governor Winthrop's Journal. These things took place in the infancy of the Massachusetts colony, and show what was the understanding respecting the powers of parliament from the beginning.

"1634, Sept. 18. At this court £600 raised towards fortifications, and other charges, which were the more

not only by a repeal of the oppressive laws of parliament, but by an acknowledgment of our

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hastened because by the Griffin and another ship now arriving there came over a copy of the commission granted to the two Archbishops and ten others of the council, to regulate all plantations, and power given them or any five of them to call in all patents, to make laws, to raise tythes and portions for ministers, to remove and punish governors, and to hear and determine causes, and inflict all punishments, even death itself. *This being advised from our friends to be intended specially for us, occasioned the magistrates and deputies to hasten our fortifications, and to discover our minds to each other.*

"Dec. 19, 1634. The ministers met at Boston, to consider (write also) what ought to be done if a general governor should be sent out from England? *And they all agreed we ought not to accept him, but defend our lawful possessions*, if we were unable otherwise to avoid or protract.

"12th month, 1640. Upon the great liberty which the party had left the parliament to in England, (the parliament at this time had deprived the king of almost every power of the prerogative) some of our friends there wrote to us advice to send over some to solicit for us in Parliament, giving us hope that we might obtain much; but consulting about it we declined the motion for the consideration, that if we should put ourselves under the protection of the parliament we must then be subject to all such laws as they should make, or at least such as they might impose upon us, in which course though they should intend our good yet it might prove very prejudicial to us."

entire independence, affording ample security that no interference would ever be attempted again. The blessing of peace was every where celebrated by demonstrations of joy, and our pious fathers thought it suitable to unite, in every place, in keeping a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, for his goodness in granting them the blessings of liberty and independence. In Aug. 1783, before leaving the army, my father received a commission as LIEUT. COLONEL, in the Massachusetts line, to take rank October 12, 1782, which was his rank at the close of the war. The disbanding of the army was a work of time, owing partly to the embarrassed state of the national treasury. A whole year was consumed in this way, and it was not until the spring of 1784 that my father left the army and returned to his family. On the evening of his return, he gathered us all together, and with much power of spirit gave thanks to God, who had covered his head in the

time of battle, preserved his life through so many dangers, and continued the lives and health of all his family, given victory, peace and independence to his country, and restored him to the bosom of his beloved home.

My father was now happily settled in the midst of his family and friends, enjoying and reciprocating their respect and confidence. As he expresses in his letter to Mr. Stickney, his desire was "to return back among his old neighbors and be a citizen, not a soldier." Cincinnatus-like, he exchanged his regimentals for a farmer's frock and trowsers, his sword and pistols for the plough and pitchfork. And, although, by his *nine years'* absence, in the service of his country, his farm was overgrown with brush and brier, yet it was *his own:* no foreign landlord had rule over it, to whom he must pay rent and tithes, and he could stand securely under his own forest trees, having none to make

him afraid. The church also was free from shackles, and every congregation could choose their own minister, and settle and support him too, without either help or control from the crown of England.

Who could have predicted such a struggle and such an event, when the British marched from Boston to Lexington, in 1775? That the blood there spilt on the common, though it roused the whole nation to arms, should have been the seed from which this mighty republic would arise,—that such a small handful of men, promiscuously come together, should have made effectual resistance, or in the least stop the progress of the large well disciplined forces of the British, and finally capture two whole armies, would have been incredible if predicted. But the LORD OF HOSTS was their leader, preserver, protector and deliverer; and when he saw the people prepared for the rich blessing

of liberty he bestowed it. To him alone let the United States of America ever ascribe the praise, and may they never forget their debt of gratitude.

May not christians learn something from the history of this war? Eighteen hundred years ago the blood of Jesus, far richer than the blood of man, and capable of cleansing the soul from all sin—this precious blood was shed on Calvary, as "a propitiation for the sins of the world.' And when he rose and was about to ascend to his Father, he commanded his followers to "go, disciple all nations," telling to all mankind the news of the Savior. The patriots of '76 felt that they had a primary interest in the deliverance of their country. Why should not *Christians* feel that their primary interest is in the deliverance of the world? No man could pass for a patriot, in trying times, who would not make sacrifices for his country's good. No

man ought to be regarded as a christian, who will not make sacrifices for the world's good. Christ's great command is "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness,—and all these (necessary) things, shall be added unto you." In the American revolution, it was necessary for those who loved their country, to inquire "first" how their country could be free, and then trust providence to provide for the wants of themselves and families. The soldiers of the revolution spent the best years of their lives in delivering their country, and did not feel at liberty to be laying up treasures for themselves, while their country was in danger. How can a christian feel at liberty to accumulate wealth while a world is in jeopardy? No one blames my father for sacrificing his own love of ease, or for subjecting his wife and children to such hardships, while he left them to go and fight his country's battles. Yet what a clamor would be raised, even by many profess-

ing christians, should an officer of Jesus Christ, serve nine years for nothing, and leave his family at home, to suffer as much as ours suffered, while he was far away in the service of the Lord. We sometimes see a neighborhood excited, if a minister leaves his family for a few weeks or months, however pressing may be the call for his services. And yet all these sacrifices and hardships were borne cheerfully, because we looked forward to the *end*—when the toils and dangers of the soldier should, through a kind Providence, be crowned with victory, and we could all rejoice together in the blessings of a free country. But what is that, compared with the joy that shall fill the hearts of christians, when they meet by the river of God, with the heathen nations redeemed through their labors, to spend eternity in unitedly ascribing glory to the Lamb. The issue of the American war was uncertain, the inhabitants

were few, and scattered, and poorly organised, and the British generals proudly laughed at their feeble armaments, and promised to march through the country in a single campaign. But by the blessing of God, and the manifest interferences of his providence, the mighty power of Britain was successfully resisted, and peace secured. But the issue of the christian conflict is not uncertain. "We fight not as one that beateth the air." We *know* what will be the issue of the struggle between the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness. With every collision, the house of Saul waxes weaker, and the house of David waxes stronger. Though the body of christians who are active and truly engaged for the conversion of the world, are a feeble band, a small minority even of the visible church, and but a drop in the bucket compared to the world, yet our Master says to us, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And it cannot

be doubted that whenever christians shall feel the same zeal and self-denial that Americans felt, the work of the Lord will go on with amazing power, and "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Indeed, with the little courage and effort already made, the lines of the potent enemy begin to break and give way. Shall the victory be lost through the slothfulness of christians? Some have entered the field, and have been wading through trials and difficulties. Death has taken some away; let others fill the ranks, press on, storm the breastwork, and under such a leader they will gain the victory. God hath promised, it will surely be accomplished; let every one who pretends to have an interest in the great cause, bear a part in the war; the lame and halt cannot go out to the battle, they must provide means at home to sustain the soldiers in the field; only let every one be in his

place, and the world shall soon be filled with love and joy.

At the close of the war, the army were paid off in public securities, or notes from Congress. This amounted to a vast sum, and involved the country in a heavy debt, and a clamor soon arose about them, that they "never would or could be paid." So the credit of them was soon spoiled, and when the soldiers came home, with their constitutions wrecked, their habits changed, their families destitute, much in debt, and the credit of their wages soon blasted, having no other resource, they were obliged to sell them at two shillings or two and sixpence on the pound, for support. This was trying indeed to their patriotism, and gave rise to the following lines, which were current among the old soldiers

"Our God and soldiers we alike adore,
When on the brink of danger, not before;—
When danger's past, they're both alike requited,
Our God's forgotten, and our soldiers slighted."

My father soon began to dispose of his public securities at that low price, and being disabled by the wound in his shoulder for the work of a farmer, he labored under many disadvantages in his business. Great expense was incurred also in carrying on his farm, clearing and preparing it for cultivation, building his house, barn, well, and other conveniences, which drew hard on his public securities. He was a generous-hearted Irishman, and could never see a friend in trouble without helping him, if in his power. A friend of his got involved, and he lent him two thousand dollars, to another nearly one thousand, and for neither of them did he ever receive one cent, of principal or interest. If he met with one of his old soldiers looking sickly, or in trouble, he would always give him something to cheer and relieve him. These, with settling his family, nearly exhausted his public securities; yet depending on the money he had lent,he gave his youngest

son a public education, which finally involved him in debt and trouble.

In 1785, a part of Charlemont, with a tract of unincorporated land lying on the north of it, was incorporated into a town by the name of Heath. A church was soon formed there, consisting of about thirty-eight members; my father was chosen moderater of the church, and held that office until the settlement of Rev. Joseph Strong, in 1790. He was then chosen senior deacon, and he filled that office until his death. He was also town-clerk, from 1791 till his death. He nourished the town and church, almost as his own family; and in settling a minister, building a meeting-house, and furnishing the church, he advanced sums of money which he never realized.

In February, 1785, he was commissioned as justice of the peace, for the county of Hampshire, and continued to hold this commission during his life. In this capacity he was called

to take an active part in regard to what is called the Shays Insurrection. A number of disaffected citizens had combined to resist the laws, and had actually stopped the sitting of some county courts. But at length they had the hardihood to attack the armory at Springfield, where Gen. Shepherd was stationed with a large body of militia. The first effectual fire of the militia scattered their assailants, who immediately fled in all directions. Some went to Vermont and New York, a few were taken and condemned for treason, but afterwards pardoned. A small party stopped at a house in Washington county, N. Y., and asked leave to grind their knives ; they were ragged, dirty, hungry, and in much distress, and the kind-hearted Irishman who lived in the house, called them in and fed them. In their conversation they showed great malignity against Col. Maxwell. The woman heard them till they had spent their rage, and then inquired whether Col. Max-

well had ever wronged them. They said he had not. She then said, "I know Col. Maxwell very well; he is a good man, and has done his duty to his country; and now I advise you to go directly home to Col. Maxwell, and make a humble acknowledgment, and tell him that his sister Peggy gave you victuals and drink, and warmed you, when you were hungry and cold; and she hopes he will forgive you, if you will behave like good citizens in time to come." They came home soon, but I believe never delivered my good aunt Thompson's message. The governor issued a proclamation, offering pardon to all the insurgents who would deliver up their arms and take the oath of allegiance. My father was appointed to receive the arms, and administer the oath, in that section of country, and his little old house was encumbered for many years with a curious collection of broken and worthless guns.

By the original charter of Massachusetts, its

territory was to extend westwardly to the Pacific ocean. But the charter of New York covered the same ground, and an unpleasant collision was the consequence. But it was at length adjusted, in 1787, by conceding to New York the whole jurisdiction, and to Massachusetts the right of the soil to a tract of about five millions of acres, lying west of a line drawn from Sodus Bay through Seneca Lake to Pennsylvania. Of this tract, Messrs. Gorham, Phelps, and others, were purchasers, and they proceeded to obtain the consent of the Indian tribes, and to survey and locate towns. My father left home May 12, 1788, and arrived at Kanadasaga on the 2d of June. He wrote to his wife, June 4th, as follows.

"The Indian chiefs are not yet come in; and therefore the treaty has not commenced. But we expect them in this week. Yet what the issue of the treaty will be, is by no means certain.

"The country through which I have passed exceeds my expectations, in richness of soil and pleasantness of situation; and yet I am told by gentlemen who are acquainted with the land lying off from the waters, that the soil is much richer. This place is situated on the northwest shore of the Seneca Lake, which is a most delightful situation, the lake opening a prospect of twenty miles southward, towards Pennsylvania."

July 13th, he writes:

"Mr. Phelps is come; the treaty is finished; it was finished at Buffalo creek, and I expect work enough to do in my way. But whether I shall begin to survey and locate towns here, or go to Genesee and begin, is uncertain.

"I have no doubt that, in the course of a very few years, there will be many worshiping assemblies of Christians, where now the wild beasts howl, and that the time is not far distant,

when this wilderness shall blossom as the rose. However, these things are in the womb of futurity, and will be brought about in the proper way and time, as also by the proper means; and although in the course of events, yet not less by the hand of the great Governor of all things. And you must allow me to give it as my opinion, that there will be some pleasure in promoting so glorious a work."

August 9th, he says:

"I long to see you all, and I long to attend your public worship. You know that David wished and prayed to see the house of God and his worship, and why should not I? But here I am; when in the woods, I see nobody but the four or five men who attend me; and when I am here, which is but seldom, I see a few unprincipled fellows and drunken savages; so that religious society is quite out of the question. And yet I do think that the great Governor of the universe is about to plant the glorious gospel in

this wilderness. May it soon spread over this land.

"I have just returned from a tour of 18 days to the Pennsylvania line. My health hitherto has been good, though the fatigue is exceeding great. On Monday, I expect to set out into the bush, and not to return until I have run the line quite through to Lake Ontario, and perhaps run around a number of towns there, which will keep me about three weeks in the bush, when we shall have nearly or quite thirty towns located."

In this service my father was employed two seasons. This was forty-five years ago. Who can look at the tract of country lying west of Seneca Lake, the roads and canals, the towns and cities, the schools, colleges and churches, the charities, the revivals, the immense population,—and not be amazed at the change. The present town of Geneva is near the seat of the encampment my father speaks of. At the close

of his services, he was offered in payment, one of the most eligibly situated townships of land on the tract. But the necessities of his family required that he should take his pay in money, for present use.

My father always considered himself an invalid officer, as the wound in his shoulder had in a great degree disabled him from pursuing his business. And at length the hard hand of necessity compelled him to petition Congress for a pension as an invalid. Accordingly, on the 29th of December, 1794, he left home and repaired to Philadelphia. The following extracts from his journal may be considered worth preserving. They record the trials of many an honest old soldier, who has pleaded in vain with a prosperous and ungrateful country, to obtain compensation for blood and toil and hardship, freely expended in the achievement of our liberties. At that time, it took him twelve days of

diligent traveling to go from Heath to Philadelphia; a distance now easily passed in three.

"*Monday, January* 12, 1795.—Waited on the Secretary of War, and delivered my letters to Mr. Dexter, and to Mr. Ames of the House of Representatives, and to Mr. Cabot of the Senate.

"I find my papers are not arrived from Judge Lowell, and therefore I must wait until I can have a return from Boston; which at this time of the year will take near three weeks. To all these disappointments I must submit; and O that I could do it with a true and christian-like and holy resignation. All these disappointments and crosses, which fall in my way, I believe are meant for my good. May God give me grace to improve them to his glory.

"*Monday, Feb.* 2, 1795.—I have attended Congress every day, and on the 27th of January there was a law enacted by the lower house, respecting invalids, viz: that no person should

be placed on the pension list, to receive at an earlier day than he completed his evidence before the Judge; and no officer should be placed on the pension list until he should have returned his commutation to the Treasury; by which law I am deprived of eleven years compensation for the disability which I have suffered.

"'*And David was greatly distressed for the people spoke of stoning him, but he comforted himself in the Lord his God.*'"

"In him alone I have comfort in all the troubles and disappointments I meet with. Perhaps I have depended too much on my pension; perhaps myself, my wife, or my children, or perhaps all of us have placed too much dependence on the fading riches of this world, and neglected the one thing needful. Perhaps we have neglected to lay up for ourselves treasures above, which neither corrupt nor are uncertain, but durable riches and righteousness; and have been too anxious to make to ourselves friends of

the mammon of unrighteousness. And it may be that in mercy to our souls we are disappointed. Well, if it is so, let us all say, the will of the Lord be done."

A further account of his feelings may be gathered from the following letter, addressed, it is believed, to Hon. John Lowell, of Boston.

"*Philadelphia, February* 4, 1795.

My Dear Sir,—Soon after my arrival at this city, I waited on our old friend Mr. Andrew Brown and his lady, and I do assure you I am extremely well pleased with their appearance. Mr. Brown carries on the printing business on a large scale, has a great run of custom, and you will rejoice to hear of his remarkable prosperity. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown still possess their wonted generosity and kindness for their old friend. They have shown me many marks of kindness since I came to the city, and were

very well pleased to hear, by me, from you and your good lady.

"As to my own affairs, I do not think there is a man in this world who can tell in what train or in what stage they are. I have been here now almost four weeks and nothing done yet. Soon after I came here, there was a bill passed the lower house enacting that no one should be placed on the pension list at an earlier day than he should have completed his evidence before the judge, and should receive no arrears, nor should he be put on the pension list, if an officer, until he should have returned the whole of his commutation into the Treasury of the United States.

"Now sir, should I do that, I should make but a poor bargain; I therefore think I shall tarry a day or two longer, and see if that bill passes the upper house, and if it does, I shall return home and spend the short remainder of my days in wishing the best of blessings to the

United States, notwithstanding my settled opinion that they do not do me that justice which I had reason to expect, and which I shall continue to think they owe to me while I live, and will owe to my children when I am gone.

"I do not lament that I have fought many a hard battle for this country. I do not lament that in sundry instances I have suffered almost every thing but death, in the service of these states, for I did my duty like an honest man. But still I did expect the promised reward. Still am I persuaded a reward from America is my due. Still shall I continue to believe it is my honest due. Half-pay as a Lieutenant Colonel is what I challenge, as my honest reward from the beginning of '84, during my natural life; it is due to my wife; it is due to my children. And may God grant that this or some future Congress may see it to be so, and conduct accordingly. But still I say, and will teach my children to say,—May the richest blessings of

Heaven be poured down on the United States of North America."

Thus ended his prospect of obtaining relief from a pension. He returned home disappointed, but as at other times, he comforted himself in the Lord. He had spent fourteen years of the best part of his life in military service of this country—five in the French war, and nine in the Revolutionary war—he had been in many hard fought battles, and with others had endured hardships, dangers, privations and fatigue, hardly to be told—was disabled by his wounded shoulder to pursue his common employment, and was now denied what he consided his just due—yet he did not complain, or regret having done his dnty as a faithful soldier in the service of his country.

He had frequent assurances that he should receive the money he had lent, and depending on these promises he contracted debts which he had no other means of meeting. His disap-

pointment was extreme, when informed that the last of the two men had run off four hundred miles, without informing him, and that he was not worth a cent. I believe this was the severest disappointment he ever met with; he almost sunk under it. Still he thought three or four hundred dollars would relieve his embarrassment, and render the close of his life quiet and comfortable; and at length he struck upon a new plan. He purchased some shipping horses and with them embarked on board a vessel at Hartford, for the West Indies. He left home in July, 1799, and in October we heard the news of his death. We were then just expecting him home.

He had a very good and prosperous voyage, but three days before the vessel arrived in port, homeward bound, he was taken with a fever. He retired to his state-room at five o'clock in the afternoon; there being a heavy gale at sea, all hands were employed on deck, and he was

alone until two o'clock. The captain then came to him, but death had seized him, and the panges of dissolution were already upon him. He could speak, and had his reason perfectly; he knew his Master now called him, expressed his faith that it would be well with him, and his willingness to obey the call, to depart and go to Jesus, and though racked with extreme pain and vomiting until nine o'clock, he retained his reason until his last moments. He lay apparently easy about two hours before he died; and at eleven o'clock, forenoon, he fell asleep, no more to awake until the trump shall call the sea to give up her dead. He died October 14th, 1799, in the 67th year of his age.